

THE ARIEL

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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NO. 16

The annexed poem, descriptive of the scenery upon the Susquehanna River, was written for the *Souvenir*; but a plate being in preparation for the *Ariel*, the manuscript was handed to the editor of the latter, as a suitable companion for the engraving.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE ARIEL.

SUSQUEHANNA SCENERY.

The long drawn praises of the Hudson rise,
In idle boastings, to the very skies;
What tho' his noble grandeur is allowed,
By rapturous lauding of the stranger crowd;
Tho' 'tis the theme of praise in sister states—
Tho' every tongue of every tiny bellow prates—
Great Susquehanna rolls more grand along,
A deathless river in the walks of song.

Those stately monuments of Fulton's fame,
Whose lordly prows diffuse proud Hudson's stream,
Demand respects; the ancient Highlands too,
Present to strangers' eyes a wild, romantic view:
And busy fame, with her loud clarion, sends
Their well earned praise to earth's remotest ends;
On all his beauties bards with rapture dwell,
And boast still louder that he's—*navigable!*
Here is the cause whence all his grandeur springs;
Those stately towns, that rise with eagle's wings;
Her noble wharves, that proudly spurn the spray
And foam, that round their sides and Kelson play.

Sweet Susquehanna! thou, alas! art lost
'Midst grandeur such as this! No vessels test
Upon the foaming billows! On thy breast
No boat by steam impelled, plays with proud crest.
Canst thou, sweet stream, against such vantage dare
Thy panting navigation to compare?

No, thou canst not; for on fair Hudson's stream,
Hundreds of fluttering flags and ensigns gleam.
But by a fair comparison we'll see
With Hudson's grandeur thy romantic beauty;
By such comparison thou wilt not lose,
But gain, tho' sung by an untutored muse.
We'll not deny, most noble Hudson river,
That thou'st been freely blest by the good-giver;

No! for small skiffs and many small boats more,
To steam-boat, frigate, ship, and seventy-four,
Exemplify His goodness, and scenery
Most noble, exquisite, that meets the eye,
Calls forth our wondrous praise to Him on high.
But has not Susquehanna cause of praise
To the omniscient ruler of our ways?

His beauties, tho' as Hudson's not so grand,
Flow from the same, all wise, all wondrous hand.

Here heaps of rocks, cluster of islands small,
And in the narrow pass a water-fall;
At first, with gentle, murmuring sound, and slow,
Then foaming louder as they wider grow;
Then, at its greatest width, full loud and strong,
Impetuous pours the thundering stream along.
Here, heaps on heaps, majestically grand,
Mountains of rocks, their darkened shade expand
Upon th' expansive stream below, and through
Its dormant shadow, meets th' admiring view:
Swift, by the current and the joyous crew,
Gliding thro' rippling swirls, with pitchy coat,
The well-formed, weather-beaten, small keel-boat,

ARENAL.

FOR THE ARIEL. AN ACROSTIC.

Presiding Peace no more shall hold her sway,
Returning Reason beam a gladdening ray,
Enlightening Freedom ne'er her banner wave,
Justice and Truth shall meet an early grave—
Under thy influence shall nations bow.
Discord and Chaos mark thy envious brow,
Impious Monster, Nature's deadliest foe,
Could e'en perfection fly thy threat'ning blow?
Eternal scourge of happiness below.

J. R. D. P.

FOR THE ARIEL.

BY ICHABOD INKLE.—No. 2.

To understand fully, the short Poem under consideration, it will be necessary to mention a few particulars relating to the subject thereof. According to tradition, there resided in ancient times, on Cape Cod, an Indian Giant; celebrated no less for his gigantic size, than for his prowess in the capture of the inhabitants of the mighty deep. By some he is said to have been no less a personage than Neptune himself; but, for a variety of reasons, this I hold to be an error—a mere conjecture entitled to no credit. He is said to have made it his constant employment to fish for the monsters of the deep; or in the language of the Poet, “to bob for whale.” Many are the stories reported of him, and of the prodigious feats he performed. The Islands of Nantucket, and Martha’s Vineyard, are said to have been formed from the ashes from his tobacco pipe. He is supposed to have lived about the time of the settlement of Plymouth Colony; and from this it may perhaps be inferred, that we are indebted to one of the “Pilgrim Fathers” for the Poem which we are about to discuss. It seems from the tenor of it, that the writer was sensible of the task he had imposed upon himself; and feeling the *greatness* of the subject, he was unable to find language to express his thoughts, and probably out of mere desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the single stanza which follows—viz:

His angle rod was made of sturdy oak,
His line, a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
He sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale!

Having thus briefly stated what few facts could be gathered of this *great man*, I shall proceed to my subject.

“His angle rod was made of sturdy oak.”

Prodigious, indeed, must have been his strength, to wield a “sturdy oak” for a fishing rod. Look at what are used by our diminutive race; a farmers boy cuts a switch from the adjoining thicket, and a cane reed satisfies the most expert fisherman. This man must have been a very Goliah! or at least, a descendant from one of those giants who figured in the reign of King Arthur.

“His line, a cable, which in storms ne'er broke.”

This shows the truth of what was mentioned in the beginning of this essay, that he employed his time in fishing. He was not one who merely whiled away his leisure time in angling on a sunny day. He was not afraid of storms; and probably pursued his occupation as calmly in a gale of wind that would have laid a seventy-four on her beam ends, as when the sea was still as a summer's eve. In fact, it may be inferred that he rather chose to be out in a storm, than in sunny weather; making

good the vulgar saying, that “fish bite best in a stormy day.” His line corresponded with his rod, for it was a cable! and it is probable that he used an anchor for a hook, (although it is not expressly mentioned) for what else could have possibly answered his purpose?

“His hook he baited with a dragon's tail.”

Here, I confess, I am somewhat at a stand, for we do not read of dragons ever inhabiting this country, and if they did not, whence came the “dragon's tail?” But is it not probable that this very person exterminated the whole race of dragons? If so, he ought to be revered for the good he has done our country. And again, it would appear from this, that he spent a part of his time in the pleasures of the chase! not for hares or deer, but for dragons!! What noble sport this must have been! rather a perilous business, however, one would suppose; but then how proud he must have been after combatting the monster for hours together, to see stretched before him the enormous carcase of his vanquished enemy! But even here, his sport was not over. With the tail of his victim upon his hook,

“He sits him down upon a rock and bobs for whale!”

What glorious sport! not anxiously waiting for “a nibble” from morning till night, but enjoying the indescribable pleasure of drawing in whales! What a feeling of superiority must he have had, when baiting his hook for a second haul, to see his victim “the Leviathan of the deep,” flouncing about on shore, and vainly lashing the air with his enormous tail, in the very fury of despair!—Powers of mercy! what an enviable fellow. But hold—I sat down to write a review of the poem, and I have written a panegyric on the man. But I will close. As Sheridan says, “My Lords, I have done.”

To strike at the divine doctrine of Christianity, on account of things foreign and adventitious—the speculations and disputes of curious men, is an absurdity of the same kind, as it would be to cut down a fine tree, yielding fruit and shade, because its leaves afforded nourishment to caterpillars, or because spiders might weave now and then cob-webs among the branches.

DUELLING.—A person who lately killed another in a duel at Paris, was acquitted of murder, but condemned in 20,000 francs damages to the widow of the victim, and 4000 to the children. Thus a victorious duellist, if he escapes hanging, is to maintain those he has deprived of their supporter.

Conscience has strictly nothing to do as a judge; but as a witness against me, that I am in a sinful practice: I must forbear that practice. My conscience is God's: God will judge me for acting against my conscience; where my conscience is witness, I act against law.—*Burnet's History.*

Harrisburg, the capital of this state, is becoming as remarkable for genteel looking newspapers, as it lately was for shabby ones. The Oracle has appeared in a new dress, on a large imperial, creditable to any place. The Reporter, a new paper, also does credit to the seat of government. Success to them both!

Our friend of the Pittsburg Commonwealth, cuts keener because he speaks like a gentleman—for one who writes like he does must be one. Of the commodity in question we cannot accuse him—but to “leave this keen encounter of our wits, and turn to matters of a graver mood,” how go on collections?

The establishment of the North American, a weekly paper published at Baltimore, is offered for sale.

We take the annexed notice of the unfortunate John Fitch, from the Schenectady Cabinet. The Editor refers to the article published in the Ariel a few weeks since, detailing Fitch's experiments in Steam-Boat navigation, made nearly forty years ago.

JOHN FITCH.—When a boy, I knew *John Fitch*, the unfortunate subject of the following article—I saw the model of a Steam-Boat, which he claimed and I believe was his. I heard him converse on the power and application of steam, and lament that his poverty prevented his proceeding in the completion of a project which he then predicted would at some future period fill a large space in the history of the United States. At that time, the invention was considered his own.

When a boat was first propelled by steam on the North river, my mind was directed to Fitch; and I was in hopes that he still lived to witness the final completion of a project—(by one more fortunate than himself) in which he had spent a great deal of labor and all the money he could command. But it appears he died in 1793, some years before Mr. Fulton's first boat ascended the Hudson from New York to Albany.

In the manuscripts which this persevering man left behind him in the Philadelphia Library, he states his firm belief that our western rivers will, before an hundred years are passed, (and he wrote in 1790) be swarming with Steam-Boats. Sanguine as he was, the fact has even surpassed his anticipations—for that which he dated at a century from the time that he wrote, has taken place nearly eighty years sooner than poor Fitch anticipated! yet at the time he told this to the public, he was laughed at as a visionary enthusiast! But so it has been with the world—is now—and always will be.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

THEY may say what they choose of this practice of a man's advertising his wife as a runaway—it is a vile habit, disgraceful to the country and to Americans. Our opinion of the matter is, that it makes more wives runaway in consequence than did before they were advertised. Now and then you see a spirited woman come out in reply to the savage who publishes her, and in such a manner, too, as would make any common man blush and feel ashamed of his cowardly baseness. Take the following as a sample—we found it in a western paper:—“*To the public.*—Whereas, my

husband, ABNER, hastaken the liberty to make my name known to the public through the medium of the press, in the manner and form of posting a wife; I therefore think it a duty I owe to the public, my relatives and friends, herewith to state, that I have lived with the said Abner, nearly eleven years; and during that period, I endured that kind of treatment, so inhuman, unkind and base, that, finally, after enduring such treatment to the last extremity, I considered my life in danger, by threats used at home and abroad, by wishing me dead, and affirming that blood would be shed in the family, and such kind of language, with cursing and swearing, used at home and other places, together with other kinds of ill treatment, which, for modesty's sake, I forbear to make public. I therefore consider myself justifiable in leaving the inhuman man for life, to the horror of a guilty conscience, and buffeting of Satan; still praying that he may be brought to that repentance unto life, not consisting of a formal profession, but in possession. The above plain statement of truth and veracity, I dedicate to the public, and to my neighbors and fellow-citizens among whom my life and character is known. Ruth Keith.”

—A gentleman, who recently travelled thro' the State of New York says that in Jefferson county, within the distance of less than a mile, he counted 120 females picking hops. [J]—Plenty of them, in all conscience.—The Editor of the Bridgeton Whig says in his last paper that “he has concluded to furnish his paper with a NEW HEAD.” We approve of his intention, believing there was a head wanting somewhere about the establishment.—A tree, in good state of preservation, has been found in digging a well in York, U. C. at the depth of 32 feet from the surface. How did it get there?—*United States Ship Peacock.*—This vessel, from a cruise of three years and seven months, arrived at New York on Tuesday from Rio Janeiro, Bahia and Pernambuco; officers and crew in good health. During her absence she has been actively employed on the coast of Chilli, Peru, Colombia and Mexico.—A bar of fine gold, valued at \$150 has been made from particles of gold found in Tiger river, near Greenville, S. C. The owner of the land, Mr. J. H. Randolph, is engaged in washing for more. These North Carolina gold-finders have been grubbing for gold for about 3 years; and it is confidently asserted by those who know a great deal about these things, that if they had spent as many years in planting potatoes, they would have been a good deal richer than they are just now.—A boy of 15 lately eloped with a girl of 18 from her daddy's house, in Massachusetts.

Query—Which of these was the greater baby?—Heavy snow storms have occurred in many places to the eastward. The snow has been so deep as to make good sleighing. We to the south are already begining to blow our fingers.—A late paper says that the Shaker village in Massachusetts, produces an annual profit of \$12,000 from the single article of garden seeds. This is doing business to some purpose. A scoundril named Southwick recently attempted to poison the whole community by putting arsenic in the well from which

the town was supplied with water. He was caught, however, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the state prison for life—just what he deserved.—The celebrated race horse *Eclipse*, has been sold for \$8000—and his competitor, *Henry*, for \$4100.—A man in North Carolina who had heretofore sustained a fair character, and who is worth two hundred thousand dollars, has been convicted of forging a document to the amount of 30 dollars, and sentenced to four years hard labor. It is strange that a man would thus throw away a good name, and entail everlasting infamy upon his family for a mere trifle of thirty dollars.—In Providence, R. I. the Rev. Mr. Seamans was attacked in Eddy-st. at about 9 o'clock in the evening, by 3 Irishmen, and severely beaten. He was rescued by persons attracted by his cries; but the ruffians escaped.

—A schooner with three masts has been built in Baltimore, the standing rigging of which is entirely iron: which is said to be much lighter than hempen cordage. Who says so? and who believes it?—A libel suit has been instituted against the editor of the Arkansas Gazette; damages laid at \$25,000.—A Taunton paper mentions that a woman, who had purchased some oil of tansy from an essence pedlar, recently applied some of it to a tooth which was painful, and survived but a few moments.—There are 15,000,000 square feet of salt-works in Barnstable county, Mass. producing 450,000 bushels of salt annually.—In Dedham, Mass. a gentleman having lost the power of swallowing, in consequence of a paralytic shock, has been fed with broth, by means of a stomach pump, which Dr. John D. Fisher, of Boston, has recently imported from Paris.—In Springfield, Mass. 81 black snakes and an adder, were dug from a piece of ground about 30 feet square.—The progress of the Bunker-hill monument is stated to be very slow. But two courses had been laid above the base.

WILD DUCK SHOOTING.—Gentlemen who occasionally indulge in this sport, inform us that the rivers and creeks emptying into the upper part of the Chesapeake bay, have been thronged with wild ducks to an unprecedented degree. The markets for some days past have been abundantly supplied with canvas backs and red heads, at very low rates. The Cambridge Chronicle states that a lad living on Taylor's Island, in Dorchester county, lately killed forty-eight ducks at a single shot!

Mr. Alfred Allen, of Black Rock, who had recently reached his home, after an absence of sixteen years, during the most of which time he had been confined as a prisoner in the interior of Mexico, was ignorant of the late war between Great Britain and the U. States, until six years after its termination. This is an additional evidence, if any were wanting, of the extreme ignorance in which the inhabitants of that part of the world have been kept by the Spanish authorities.

Spanish Inquisition.—It appears from a work published at Paris in 1821, that from the years 1481 to 1820, the sentences executed at the Spanish Inquisition were as follows:—Burnt alive, 36,168; burnt in effigy, 18,049; condemned to the galleys or imprisoned, 281,250. The last person burnt by the Inquisition was at Beata, in 1781.

OLD MAIDS.

MR. EDITOR.—I am a decorous, pains-taking citizen. Having a regular, though small income arising from my patrimony, I pass my morning in a gentle oscillation between the Insurance Office, India wharf and the Athenæum, and perennially wind up the evening at the theatre. My object is to float calmly down the tide of time, not as Mr. Shakespeare says,

"An unregarded bulrush on the stream,
To rot itself with motion,"

but in the manner in which the voyager is wafted a thousand miles down the fair Ohio without oar or sail. My conduct is exemplary. I do not think any one has any just cause of complaint against my dress, which is dark and plain, or my deportment, which is grave and satisfactory. Yet my whole life is rendered a burthen, a mere load of clay, by the prosecution of a family of three unmarried young ladies, aged about 40 on an average, my neighbors. These "young ladies" have set up such a system of surveillance over my household affairs, as to know the times of my incomings and outgoings with chromometrical accuracy. Accordingly, when I sally forth, I am sure to witness the form of one of my watchful spies at the breakfast parlor window. They take turns. Miss Debby, who is a tall beauty of about 46, with high cheek bones protruding above very marked concavities in the cheeks, makes her appearance in a turban of yellow gauze, and greets me with a smile from two lips of a beautiful resemblance to tea-chest lead, unfolding around teeth which rival the finest amber. In summer, when the windows are open, she uniformly hails me with an enquiry as to the price of *sarse* and butter, begs me to send the fish merchant down the alley, or exhibits a scrag of mutton for my criticism. She usually adds some remark about "Bachelors' Hall," how dull it must be, and portends a visit to my casts and library, though I am sure to be engaged out on such mornings. Miss Nabby, a younger sister by a year, appears next morning in a delicate gamboge *tabbinet*. She is occupied with a piece of netting that she began in the year of grace 1811, and which to my remembrance was once white. She is a tender sentimental thing, with the unfortunate affliction of being what is called "always ailing." Accordingly, on her mornings I am treated to a description of her aches, pains, and diseases to settle my breakfast. She is peculiarly careful to furnish a catalogue of the drugs she takes, which comprise a pretty liberal walk in the *Pharmacopœia*, and uniformly dissects on the virtues of an *emollient salve*, which she is pleased to term "*mellunet*." Miss Nabby, the third, is but just 40, and of course is in the fine bloom of youth. She is the hoyden of the family, and is at least in possession of perfect health. Her dressing maid ought to possess the quickness of that sprite who put *a girdle round the earth in forty minutes*. Her voice is like that of a lieutenant of a man o' war through a speaking trumpet in a heavy gale. She usually accosts me by my surname, without any of those forms of civility which are customary in society:—"Well, Snipe, are you routed out at this time o' day? where are you packing to now? come and see us, Snipe," and the like. These young ladies have never yet succeeded in penetrating to my study—but I sit there as the noble Norman maiden in the Crusaders on the battlement of her beleaguered fortress, expecting an onslaught from the besiegers momentarily. I have had double windows put to my apartment, shutters and blinds outside and in, and two thick sets

of curtains, yet with the tumult of Debby's marketing, Sibby's groaning and hoaning, and Nabby's gaffawing still permeate through the port holes. Nor are their attacks merely personal. Deb insisted on sending the mackerel man to me six times a day, though I dine at the Exchange, and would at any time rather eat rattlesnake soup than this noisy and troublesome fish. Sibby uniformly directs Dr. Swil-senna to call on Mr. Snipe, to see if I wont take a little spring medicine; and Nabby constantly telegraphs my motions to the neighborhood, by calling out:—"There's Snipe's niggur. Snipe is going to ride," &c. Why, sir, they even intercept my couriers and supplies. I sent up a dozen of champaigne the other day. It did not come to hand, and kicking the shop boy a dozen times, I found out that he had left it by mistake at the house of the Misses Snapsouse, and before I could claim it they had got through the tenth bottle of what they were kind enough to call my "very genteel little present." I bought some fine Westphalia hams some time since, and invited a friend to extend his twelve o'clock lounge up to my room to lunch on them. No hams appeared, but soon after a plate of boiled cabbage was brought in, as politely sent from Miss Debby Snapsouse's dinner, under which as I threw it dish and all, out of the back window, appeared a piece of my stewed Westphalia, that I could have sworn to. I sent my coloured Pomp the other day with a love-letter to the heavenly Ada. He returned portentously soon, but instead of a sweet little billet in those dear Italian characters, all I got was this explanation:—"Mas-sa, tall, big missus ober way takee read him!" and it seems they had intercepted the letter and pretended to take my love-like direction "To Miss Ada," for "To Miss Abby!" I am a wretched man through them, Mr. Editor. Their parrots and screech-owls torment me by day, and their hyenas and cats keep me sleepless at night. They support all the fishermen in the harbor, so that there is a continual too-toeing in the Alley, on every wind instrument, from a conch up to a key bugle. They keep a jangling rattle-trap they call a "panny," and play "Ah what is the bosom's commotion," or "Zoie," by the six hours together. They shake their list carpets five times a week, and cover my geraniums and roses with sand and mud. They have as many wheelbarrows and handcarts round them the whole time as would supply the Quarter Master of Alexander's peace establishment of half a million bayonets. They are playing a dozen little fire-engines on their windows week in and week out, till the Alley is turned into a common sink room. They borrow from my house keeper my coffee, sugar, flour and money; and are, to sum up all, determined to marry me. But it wont do; I am in love with the charming Ada, who is just 17, and as sweet as an unblown moss rose. If she wont have me, I give my neighbors this fair notice, that I will move off to Swallow Alley, and join the Bachelor's Club.

SILAS SNYPE.

Schuylkill Coal is in so great a demand, that it appears probable it will this year exceed the supply, although an addition of 100 tons per week may be looked for, until the ice closes the navigation. There has been an order executed for two hundred tons of this Coal, shipped for the Havana: this new source of demand, for boiling the sugar cane, may be likely greatly to increase the consumption of Schuylkill Coal, and become beneficial to the planters of the West Indies, as well as to our Southern States, where sugar will be made to a considerable extent.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Waiting up his own mountains that far beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind far down on the vale?—
Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wand'ring on mountain and moor,

As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the brightheather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest,
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright Apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.
Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth:
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!
Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night!
Serene on thy travels—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd as with light,
And the caves as thou passes one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock,
Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enam'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven! WILSON.

THE BRIDAL.

Did you see the red rose on its bonny green stem,
As it opened its lips for the dew?
The newly-sledged birds, did ye look upon them,
Just fluttering their wings ere they flew?
Did you mark the young light dawning down in the east,
With clouds cold and silent abov?
Did you hear the bells ring at the village-spread feast,
And see the young bride and her love?
O, the rose it has bloom'd, it is withered, 'tis dead,
And its leaves blown away with a breath?
O, the birds they are grown, they are strong, they are fled,
And the fowler has done them to death!

O, the light brightened forth over woodland and dell,
Then it faded and faded away!
O, the bells that were ringing, are tolling a knell,
And the bride and her love—where are they?

C. NEALE.

KINGS.—Of twenty-three Kings from the conquest to James I, above one half at least did not ascend the throne by hereditary right. *Rapin's History of England*.

MERCIES.—Were there but a single mercy apportioned to each minute of our lives, the sum would rise very high, but how is our arithmetic confounded when every minute has more than we can distinctly number.—Row's *Art of Contentment*.

Men may live fools but fools they cannot die.—Young.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1827.

The "Sybil," and the "Apostrophe" are written too incorrectly for insertion in the Ariel—a little revision would make them all that we could wish.

SPLendid Donations.—We understand that Arthur Tappan, Esq. of New York, has recently made to the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," the magnificent donation of twenty-five thousand dollars, to be paid in five yearly instalments, to be appropriated to the philanthropic uses of that very extensive and valuable missionary institution.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

Without assuming the cognizance of Mr. Tappan's secret motive to this donation, we could have wished that his benevolence had been directed to the relief of those countless miseries, and woes, and wants, which environ his splendid dwelling in New York. The *Omniscient Merciful* would have looked upon human charity so employed in the secret melioration of human suffering, with far higher approval than He will bestow upon this ostentatiously announced benefaction to a cause remote, unsuccessful and exorbitantly expensive.

We give our sympathies to suffering communities, and minister to the wants of those whom calamities have chastened—for once, we ask our readers to turn from the complicated wrongs and sufferings even of the Greeks, and look through the grated windows of our own prisons; we beseech them to mark the days and nights of anguish which the victim of inhumanity suffered; to realize, if possible, the last "handful of meal, and the decaying crust" of the widow, *sold*, ere the providence of God gave it miraculous increase; sold, to pay the debts of her son, that he might breathe away his breath beyond the mephitic atmosphere which had tainted it with mortal corruption.—*U. S. Gazette.*

We copy the following account from the Providence Journal.

In accordance with the laws, a worthy trader whose honesty and poverty had never been suspected, was committed to our jail in November 1826, on an execution for an amount but little short of a thousand dollars. At the time of his imprisonment he had in his possession different species of property amounting to about one hundred dollars. On that property, not being able to compromise with his creditors, he lived in jail until last June.—He then applied to the Legislature to be released from his imprisonment he being entirely unable to pay his debts. As the unfortunate man had not taken the poor prisoner's oath, the Legislature refused to interfere in his case and dismissed his petition. The miserable debtor cited his creditors to appear and hear him in conscience swear he was not worth ten dollars in the world. The oath was administered to him and the money left by the creditors to detain him in jail. Mental anguish occasioned by imprisonment, and close confinement depriving him of accustomed exercise, produced a disease of which he lingered and died.

He did not however, die in jail. No, he had an aged mother to whom the idea of her son's dying in jail was more distracting than a thousand deaths. She surrendered her *all* for the release of her dying child. He was released,

having paid the utmost farthing, and returned to the home of his mother, then the abode of poverty, just in time to receive her parting blessing, and expired. The case is not exaggerated; the decease of the debtor was the consequence of his confinement, and we do not hesitate to say that he was *murdered* by the severe cruelty of the law. Ought such things to be in a civilized community?

"In a civilized community!" They were never known nor heard of among those generous children of the Great Spirit who are falsely called *savages*. No! it is reserved for the basely revengeful white man—the pale malignant coward—to prove the depth of degradation to which the fiendlike passions of interest and avarice may reduce the *christian!* Who can wonder that the Indian spurns at the bearer of the gospel? Who can now be amazed at the fiercest scorn of his nature? while such deeds as this are done by canting sacramentarians, and the demons of inhumanity. Carry not the bible to him whose untutored spirit will meet his God in peace, when savage men, called Christians, lie howling in their native purgatory.

Foote, by accident, met an inferior person in the street, very likely Dr. Arne, who, to be sure, when full dressed, was sometimes rather a grotesque figure, and he contrived, I believe, not only to obtain some old clothes of the doctor's, but likewise one of his cast-off wigs, and introduced the man on the stage to bring in music books, as an attendant on the commissary. The house was all astonishment, and many began even to doubt of the absolute identity. The doctor, of course, was most horribly annoyed; but Foote put money into his pocket, which was all he cared for. Soon after, he proceeded so far as to order wooden figures to be made for a puppet-show, of which Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith were to be the leading characters. Goldsmith affected to laugh, though he seriously alluded to the circumstance in a letter to me, but the great Leviathan of literature was so much incensed at the report, as to purchase an immense oak cudgel, which he carried with him to Tom Davis's shop, and being there asked for what purpose that was intended, he sternly replied, "For the castigation of vice upon the stage." This being immediately conveyed, as it was meant to be, Foote, I believe, was really intimidated, and the scheme was given up.

Johnson wielded his cudgel, in this instance, to some purpose; and it would be well if every unprincipled man of wit were either deterred from the commission of his mischief or soundly flogged when detected in its perpetration; Foote spared neither friend nor foe; and he was not spared in turn by those whom he threatened to expose and ridicule.

FOR THE ARIEL.
HISTORY OF A BANK NOTE.

I was sitting by the fire side a few evenings since, absorbed in thought, my eyes intently fixed upon the expiring embers, when I somewhat mechanically thrust my hand into my pocket and drew from thence, a bank note, torn and soiled, which appeared to have seen hard service. After gazing upon it for some moments, I exclaimed "I will write the history of a Bank Bill." Suddenly me-thought the bill fluttered itself in my hand, and assuming the powers of speech, spake as follow:

"Marvel not, good sir, but attend while I tell you what you so much wish to know. The first I recollect of myself, I was quietly reposing upon the top of a slender stalk, just bursting the covering which enveloped my delicate body, in company with a number of my species; it was just at sunrise in a glorious summer day. I remained, however, but a few sunshiny days in this situation, before I was rudely torn from my supporter, and thrust into a bag. After undergoing sundry operations, I was packed in a bale, with a great number of my companions. For some time we were excluded from the light of the sun, and were only conscious of being shifted about from one place to another, until the bale, in which we were enclosed was opened, and we were tumbled into a cotton picker. After being torn piece from piece, and enduring the most excruciating tortures, I at length formed a part of a piece of cotton goods; after remaining in this condition some weeks, I was separated from the piece, and formed an apron for a laborer. In this occupation, I met with a variety of hard rubs, and, having served my owner faithfully, was at length thrown into the street. I was picked up by a ragman and sold to a paper maker. Here my appearance underwent a complete change. I endured torments, in comparison with which, the cotton mill was as nothing. I was cut, bruised, and reduced to a pulp; but I came out, like the Phoenix from the fire; I was now bank bill paper. I remained thus some time until I was taken to an engraver, and from him received the impression of a copper plate: from his hands I passed to the bank, and there received the finishing stroke, which made me what I now am. In company with ninety-nine of my brethren, I was sealed up in a package, and given to a grocer; after carefully fingering us over to see that we were all there, he distributed us in his various money drawers. In a short time I was passed to a poor man, whom I recognised as my former owner, the day laborer. He soon found use for me, by paying a debt long since due to the doctor. The doctor having no immediate use for me, and I having a handsome face without, stuck me upon a pin in his *sanctum sanctorum*, where I remained a long time, enjoying the company of the various medicines which were profusely scattered about the room. Finally, I was relieved from the monotony of this scene, by being paid to the servant girl for her wages.—After nicely folding me up she carefully deposited me in her work basket. I was occasionally taken from my resting place to be admired, and to have others laid by the side of me. And here I think it my duty to say, that in all the course of my travels, I was never so carefully used, or so much *set by*, as when I was in the possession of this servant girl. At length I was exchanged for a piece of gauze. I was hastily thrown into a drawer with a parcel of my fellows, but was soon given out to a lady, who deposited me in her indispensable. Here I scraped acquaintance with a thimble, a ring, a silver bodkin, who told me their several stories, and in return, I gave them mine. I did not long remain in this company, but,

through carelessness was dropped in the street, where I was trod upon and mutilated as you now see me. I was picked up by a flour merchant, who, I afterwards found, was greatly in want of such fellows as me: his eyes brightened and his hand trembled, as he hastily placed me in his pocket. I remained there until evening, when he took me out and looking mournfully at me for some time, wrote these lines upon my back; "You follow upon the heels of thousands; I am a ruined man—speculation has undone me." He soon had occasion for me, in paying for wood. But I see I am growing tiresome, and the latter part of my story would be a mere repetition of former events, I will trouble you no longer. You no doubt recollect you received me yesterday of a country lass, who hid her blushing face in her bonnet, and fled from your ardent gaze, and of whom you are now thinking instead of me." I started from my reverie and was forced to acknowledge that it was even so.

INKLE.

A young gentleman had been shooting in a field belonging to the family of Borely d'Isard, and killed a bird of the wagtail species, on taking up which he found, to his surprise, a paper beneath its wing, with the following verse:

"Deja s'étoit doux nous la dernière esperance,
Bieutot va succomber d'étendard de la foi;
Oisacu, sois plus heureux que moi,
Et puissies-tu revoir la France!"

(Already is our last hope extinguished.—Soon will the standard of the cross yield.—May you, bird, be happier than I am; and may you revisit France.)

And on the back, in Greek, "Fly on freely! Seek liberty. We shortly die of famine for her sake. Acropolis, 2d April, 1827."

The young sportsman took this letter immediately to M. Borely, President of the Greek Committee. The worthy Magistrate, on examining the writing of the epistle, which was almost illegible from the smallness of the character, thought he recognized it to be that of the young Philhellene Moliere, who had been recommended by an illustrious general, to the Greek committee at Marseilles. Thus, by a sort of prodigy, has the message of dying heroism been executed.

It is stated that at the Preston sessions the week before last, a boy *only seven years of age, was transported for life, for theft.*—The "march of intellect" must have been rapid indeed, which assigns to a child of seven years old the consciousness between right and wrong so distinctly, as to visit his aberrations with a sentence which has of course been inflicted by persons who are themselves *come to years of discretion.*—*English Paper.*

TO MARY.

Mark me, Mary, months may move
Swift and silent as the sun,
Yet my love will ever prove
Fix'd as when it first begun.

Time will roll his restless tide,
Toward eternity's dark sea,
Through that space, though e'er so wide,
Will I cherish love for thee.

Boundless seas may separate us,
Each to distant lands may go,
Mortals may unite to hate us,
Weaving us a web of woe.

Still through all the ill that ever
Fate united to oppress,
Will I cherish thee—forever
While I seek thy fond care.

ARABIAN MAXIMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

This world is a field sowed for another life.
The most incurable disease is ignorance.
Prefer the day of to-day to that of to-morrow.
All secrets that pass beyond two, make themselves known.

He who is of unknown origin, is discovered by his works.

Where the heart is inclined, there also will the feet turn.

Death is nearer to us than the eye-lid to the eye.

The little which suffices is better than the much which disturbs us.

The best of man's possession is a sincere friend.

The eulogium made on the absent, serves to incline our hearts to the present.

The best of riches is contentment; the worst of poverty, low spirits.

Who lights a fire that others may warm themselves?

Labor for this life as if thou wert to live forever; and for the other, as if thou wert to die to-morrow.

Desire not either the wise man or the fool for thy enemy; but guard thyself equally from the cunning of the wise man, and the ignorance of the fool.

The man who contents himself to-day with that which he has, will content himself tomorrow with that which he may have.

He will never save himself who does not labor for his soul before the day of its destruction.

Mission of Abyssinia.—Two young men, by the names of Gobat and Kugler, who were educated at the Basle Missionary Seminary, have received a commission from the Church Missionary Society to introduce the Christian Religion into Abyssinia. They proceeded to Egypt for the purpose of learning the Arabic, and if possible the Amharic, the language of Abyssinia. They fortunately there met a native Abyssinian, who became much attached to them, and invited one of them, Mr. Gobat, to accompany him to Abyssinia. The friends of Mr. Gobat and this mission are encouraged by this circumstance to hope that the undertaking will be a prosperous and happy one. The Abyssinian is represented as amiable and docile, and as greatly pleased with the New Testament, parts of which were read to him in the Arabic language.

PRECIPITATE INTERMENT.—In the course of a discussion on this subject, at a late meeting of the Academie de Medicine, Desgenettes mentioned that his relative M. Thouret, who superintended the destruction of the Cemetery of the Innocents, observed a number of skeletons in such postures as to indicate that the persons to whom they belonged must have made exertions after they had been buried. A discussion has been raised on the most conclusive signs of death—such as the rigidity pointed out by Nysten—the state of the eye recorded by Louis, putrefaction, &c. In the resuscitation of persons erroneously supposed to be dead, *acupuncturation of the heart* was spoken of! M. Segales stated that he had not only roused the organ to contraction in animals recently *dead*, by such a practice, but that he had exercised with impunity on living ones. Other members quoted facts illustrative of the practice.

Lively, good humored old woman are like what raisins are to fresh grapes. They are withered; but they are also preserved, and appear to advantage in the freshest company.

The following lines are from the pen of Neale, a native of this country, but at present residing in England, where he follows the disgraceful occupation of a libeller of the land which gave him birth. It is a pity that so much genuine talent should be accompanied by so little principle.

AMBITION.

I've lov'd to hear the war-horn ery,
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath, when flowing high,
I've seen our starry banners fly,
As challenging the haughty sky,

They went like battle o'er my soul.

For I was so ambitious then,
I burn'd to be—the slave of men.

I've stood and seen the morning light
A standard swaying far and free;
And lov'd it like the conquering flight,
Of angels, floating wide and bright,
Above the storm, above the fight,

Where nations warr'd for liberty:

And thought I heard the battle-cry.
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I've sail'd upon the dull blue deep,
And shouted to the eagle's soaring;
And hung me from a rocking steep,
When all but spirits were asleep:
And O, my very soul would leap,

To hear the gallant waters roaring.

But I am strangely altered now,

I love no more the bugle voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging brow,
The mountain, with his clouded brow,
Th' ethunder when the blue skies pow,

And all the sons of God rejoice.

I've learned to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair and timid eyes.

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a *Flint* as well as *Steel*; either of them may hammer on wood for ever, no fire will follow.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A weekly paper called *The Friend*, has been commenced in this city. It is devoted to Religion and Literature.

The Princeton Patriot has been discontinued for want of patronage. Is it not a little singular that so large a town, and with a surrounding country so populous, should not be able to support a newspaper of some kind, whether political or literary.

Atlantic Souvenir.—We spoke favorably in our last of the embellishments to this work: but it seems that even they fall short of what was to be expected from so lavish a commendation of the work. Take the following from the Belvidere Apollo, a paper printed near the spot in question:

Atlantic Souvenir.—This very beautiful work, published by Messrs. Carey & Lea of Philadelphia, for the year 1828, has made its appearance—but in admiring its superior typographical execution, tasteful arrangement of matter, and collection of engravings, we have been mortified at the injustice done to the descriptive scenery of the *Delaware Water Gap*. The engraving is no more like the Gap than a kettle-drum is like a fat cat—and we don't relish the notion of having one of the most picturesque, beautiful, and romantic scenes in this part of the world, made a creek and a mole-hill. The Blue Mountain is mighty crusty about the matter."

Mrs. Hughes of this city, an amiable and accomplished writer, has just issued a neat volume entitled "*Tales for Girls.*" It is highly commended by those who have read the work.

A distant friend has taken the trouble to select the following scraps for publication in the Ariel. We readily comply with his request to insert them.

PROFESSOR PORSON.—Porson was once travelling in a stage coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too! roused our slumbering professor, from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles: I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied our Tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since *you* were at college." The professor applying his hand to his great coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question, in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thought, I now recollect that the page is in Euripides." "Then, perhaps sir," said the professor, putting his hand in his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides,— "you will be so good as to find it for me in that book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success: muttering, however, to himself "Curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach." The tittering of the ladies informed him that he had got into a hobble: at last, "Bless me, sir," said he, "how dull I am; I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished *freshman* vociferated "Stop the coach; hallo, coachman, let me out, I say, instantly; let me out! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out, I say, let me out, he must be Porson, or the Devil!"

ARTHUR ONSLOW.—This celebrated Speaker in the English House of Commons, for the purpose of relaxing himself from the multiplied cares of his office, was in the habit of passing his evenings at a respectable county public-house, which, for nearly a century was known by the name of the Jew's-harp-house, situated about a mile north of Portland-place. He dressed himself in plain attire, and preferred taking his seat in the chimney corner of the kitchen, where he took part of the vulgar jokes, and ordinary concerns of the landlord, his family, and customers. He continued this practice for a year or two, and much ingratiated himself with his host and family, who, not knowing his name called him "the gentleman;" but, from his familiar manners, treated him as one of themselves. It happened, however, one day, that the landlord was walking in Parliament Street, when he met the speaker in state, going up with an address to the throne, and looking narrowly at the chief personage, he was astonished, and confounded at recognizing the features of "the gentleman," his constant customer. He hurried home, and communicated the extraordinary intelligence to his wife and family; all of whom were disconcerted at the liberties, which at different times had been taken with so important a person. In the evening Mr. Onslow came as usual, and prepared to take his old seat, but found every thing in a state of peculiar preparation, and the manners of the landlord changed from indifference and familiarity to form and obsequiousness. The chil-

dren were not allowed to climb upon him and pull his wig as heretofore, and the servants were kept at a distance. He however took no notice of the change; but finding his name and rank had by some means been discovered, he paid the reckoning, civilly took his departure, and never visited the house afterwards.

A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox observed that he thought the simile bad; "For," said he, "a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

Diodorus Ciculus says, that among the ancient Egyptians, one of the articles or conditions of their marriage contracts was, "the husband should be obedient to the wife." We have often heard of Egyptian bondage, but never knew before it was carried to that extent.

GARRICK.—When Garrick visited the continent, he was received every where with the most distinguished marks of honor and esteem. Even crowned heads vied with each other in the attentions they paid to him. Neither were those of his own profession slow in profiting by the lessons which he gave them in the dramatic art. Previle, the best actor in France, acknowledged him for his master, and looked upon him as a model for imitation.

With this actor he once made a short excursion from Paris on horseback; when Previle took a fancy to act the drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing which was essential to complete the picture: he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I shall show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication: he called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal wheeled and reared in every direction. At length he lost his whip, his feet seemed quite incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death like manner, that Previle gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found his friend made no answer to his question. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked him again, with the emotion of anxiety and friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were closed, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication called for another glass. Previle was astonished; and when Garrick started up and resumed his usual demeanor, the French actor exclaimed, "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

THE POET.

BY JAMES LAROSON.

It is strange the poet should be looked down upon, and even despised, by men too, whose only claim to that title is, that they walk erect in the likeness of their God: (though often a wretched caricature!) and whose only pretension to hold their head above others, is the accident of birth or riches, oftentimes acquired even by their own folly. These men, who think that noble blood or gold constitutes worth, talent, and genius, every thing—who have not one original thought, never had, and never may have—who, were they to read the works of the very poet they condemn and despise, could not comprehend one of his sublime ideas, yet denounce his writings as nonsensical rhapsodies,

sodies, and the author as a hair brained fool, What presumption!

Who were the first historians? Poets. Who were the first biographers? Poets. Where live the deeds of the great men of old? In the Poet's song. Who have immortalized castles, towers, woods, and streams? Poets.

Where does beauty live, when that beauty is no more than a loathsome skull? In the Poet's lay. What is the learning, the delight, and the occupation of a virtuous peasantry? The works of a Poet.

Whose graves do we travel days and weeks to visit? The Poet's. Whose low, and (perhaps) ruined cottage is pointed out to us as we journey along? The Poet's birth-place.

Miss Landon truly says—

"A poet's love is immortality."

Let the titled, vain, and ignorant, think of this: let the worldly pause on it. Compare the difference between themselves and the poet, a few years hence, when man's earthly pilgrimage is ended. The worldly will be in the dust and forgotten,—their graves unhailed and unknown. The plough may pass over them, and the yellow grain ripen there: the highway may run over them, and the noisy wagon rattle over their careless sleep. The house of rejoicing may be built over them—the merry song sound, the mazy dance be treaded, and who thinks of them? No one.

Where is the poet then? His name is in every mouth, his song in every heart! His sepulchre is a sacred spot, the property of his country, as is his fame. Thousands flock there in silent admiration to view his narrow tomb: there no unhallowed hand dare intrude to disturb the mansion of his repose.

Think on this, ye worldly, proud, and selfish men—then dwell on your own insignificance. What are your splendid domes, your gilded pictures, and your costly gems, compared to the poet's lowly cot, and each valueless thing that was his? Nothing.

THE PRINTER.—"I pity—I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby; "He is a poor devil," rejoined I. "How so?" said my Uncle Toby. "In the first place, he must endeavor to please every body, and ten to one if he pleases any body. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps, a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted; and he is damned to all intents and purposes!" "Too much the case;" said my Uncle Toby with a sigh—"too much the case." "Nor is that all," continued I; "He sometimes hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers—but alas!—who can calculate? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They may forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for; and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, 'why don't he give us more poetry and bon mots? Away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, claps them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and thus weekly it is bro't to the grand ordeal!"

Trim could no longer contain himself, but, rising, and making a stride to the middle of the floor, with his arms akimbo, and his head upright, exclaimed with a loud and audible voice, "If I was a printer, an't please your honor, I'd please myself. I'd never give up the ground to please any one, or renounce one sentiment. I would not be swayed by the whim, caprice, or folly of any one; but would

mark out a straight line and pursue it."—(Here Trim traced with the point of his stick a straight line from my stool.) "If I could not succeed in a plain and independent course, I'd freely kick the beam."

SUPERNATURAL WARNING.—The age of superstition is passed, and there are few, except in the lower rank of society, who will now give credit to improbable tales, however well they may be persuaded of the respectability of their source, unless they have the means of being acquainted with their truth and authenticity. Superstition, however, has still her votaries; and in spite of the enlightened and civilized state of society, at the present time, there are few who will not feel interest at the recital of a story, in which anything connected with supernatural agency is introduced, and more particularly so when that story is in the most remote manner founded on fact. The tale I am about to narrate deviates but very slightly from one which has been well authenticated, and at the time when it was fresh upon our memory, was almost universally believed.

A young gentleman by the name of C—, was, some years ago, residing with a clergyman in the north of England, for the purpose of finishing his education. He was heir to a large fortune, particularly amiable, of a lively disposition, gay in his manners, and entirely free from any taint or superstitious belief; he was strong and healthy, and very unlikely, and in any manner, to give credit to the workings of his imagination, or to believe in dreams. I mention it because there are some whose weak state of health, or whose melancholy disposition, might make them more liable to be exposed to the impression produced by any sudden alarm, or any unusual agitation. One morning, however, at breakfast, his haggard, and pale looks, and his thoughtful manner, attracted the attention of his friends, who were accustomed to see him animated and healthy, and upon their pressing him to account for his sudden alteration, he confessed that he had, during the night, had a dream, which had so strong an impression upon him that he could not drive it from his thoughts.—He said, that he had seen a young woman enter the room softly, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other; that she made several attempts to stab him, but upon his resistance she had disappeared. He then described her person and dress, both of which, he said, were so deeply impressed upon his memory, that they never could be effaced.

His friends treated the matter lightly, and endeavored to ridicule him for giving so much credit to a dream, and Mr. C— himself, as if ashamed of his weakness, tried to banish it from his thoughts. Several months passed away, and he resumed his usual gaiety of manner; every thing appeared forgotten; and when his dream intruded itself upon his recollection, he laughed at himself for having ever thought of such a trifle.

Years had elapsed, and Mr. C— having come into the possession of a large property, proposed to an intimate friend to visit the continent. They left England together; and after having travelled through most of the countries in Europe, were returning home in the autumn of —. A long and tedious day's journey brought them very late one evening to a retired village on the borders of Hungary; there was but one inn in the place, and that from its appearance did not promise them very comfortable accommodation. However, they had no choice; it was too late to proceed, and they alighted. There was nothing remarkable in their reception, they were proceeding to the apartment which was allotted

to them, when Mr. C— suddenly stopped short, and uttered a scream of horror; his friend ran to his assistance, surprised at an emotion for which he could not account; but Mr. C— having closed the door, immediately related the circumstance of the dream which had so much impressed upon him some years before, adding, at the same time that the female servant who had lighted them up stairs, was the same person, both in face, appearance, and dress, who had appeared to him in his vision. The sudden and unexpected recollection of a circumstance which had been so long forgotten, could not fail to agitate Mr. C— exceedingly; but as there was nothing suspicious in the manners of the inhabitants of the inn, the friends retired to rest,—having first taken care to fasten the door, and place their pistols near them.

Overcome by fatigue of travelling, they were soon both asleep; but Mr. C— awaking suddenly, beheld, to his extreme horror, the same woman standing over him, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other—having the blade directed towards his breast, apparently about to strike. In his agony of horror, he uttered a scream, which awoke his friend, who springing from his bed was just in time to catch her arm. * * *

Some time since a poor and unfortunate aged revolutionary soldier, petitioned to the legislature of this state to be released from jail, where he was confined on a criminal charge. If there was no other merit in his application, the eloquence of the petition addressed itself powerfully to the feelings of the members. After stating his forlorn and impoverished situation, and contrasting it with better days he had seen; after, in the most unequivocal manner, asserting his entire innocence, he made this original allusion to himself and his accusers: "I would" said he, "have your honors to know that I was engaged in the war for Independence, and that while I was fighting by the side of my gallant commander, Col. Olney, for the liberty of my country, the cradles of my accusers were but young saplings in the forest." The old soldier, who was confined for some slight misdemeanor was immediately, by the humanity of the Legislature, restored to liberty.—*Prov. Pap.*

THE PROGRES OF OLD AGE AND NEW STUDIES.—Socrates learned to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch almost as late in life, Latin.

STANZA.

Since these heroes of the pen
War with women thus and men,
Since their viewless arrows strike
Every head and heart alike,
Why should they have power to vex,
Grieve, or injure either sex?
Thus from post to pillar hunted,
Patience tired and feelings blunted—
Say, what armour of defence
Have we but—indifference?
But to live unhurt in slander?

Reader, be what you appear,
Keep your fame and conscience clear,
And regardless of their frown,
Laugh, or rather live them down;
If encompassed with a skin
Somewhat sensitive and thin,
At their stripes you ever wince,
Steeled at length, at length convinced
That, with many faults or few,
(Sinee, whate'er you say or do,
They are certain to condemn)
You have no chance of pleasing them,
Scorn to taste the poisoned chalice
Lifted to the lips by Malice:
Let no slander stir your bile,
Read his libels with a smile,
Or unheeded on the shelf
Let them lie, and—please yourself.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MOONLIGHT.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Merchant of Venice.

The king of day had closed his splendid reign,
The streams of glory on the western skies,
That linger when he's gone, were vanish'd quite:
Night's tutelary queen did keep her watch
Above the sleep of Nature; for toiling man
Was gone to rest, and all his anxious cares,
Beneath the influence of oblivious sleep,
Had hushed their clamor. Nature inanimate,
As if a sympathetic pow'r enchain'd
Her energies, was tranquil too; nor sound
Nor motion ear or eye perceiv'd; save in
The perennial stream, which seem'd to babble forth
Its exultation o'er the gen'ral calm,
As it alone were heard or seen to move.
'Twas not the oppressive sultriness, that damps
The spirit's buoyancy, and unfit us
For the excursive flights which fancy loves;
But one of those "ambrosial eyes," that fill
The soul with pensive thoughts, and slyly weave
Their spell-work o'er the heart, when Indian summer
Comes to cheer us, e'er Nature lays aside
Her radiant garb for winter's rude attire.

I lean'd upon my window-seat, and out
Upon the scene with eyes intently fix'd,
I gaz'd; and yielded up my soul to thought,
"Like wave on wave succeeding in smooth seas,
When storms are laid." The shipwreck'd mariner,
Methought, whom haply some kind sail hath sav'd
From threat'ning death, enjoys a calm like this;
When now, the streaming tears of rapture darted,
In pensive retrospection, he beholds
The sun-dring vessel, and the thunder hears
Of bursting billows, and contrasts his lot
So blessed now with his dread suff'rings past.
But no such holy calm pervades the soul
Of those misnamed the Great, e'en when the din
Of war is hush'd, and massacre's fell hand
Is rais'd no more. Tho't will not brook restraint,
But thro' the gloom of years long flown, will pierce
An I mark the unholy deed, and where the flames
Of reckless passion late resistless burn'd,
Will kindle up the keen and sullen fires,
Which those who feel their fierceness only know.
When the poor man, erewhile distressed with doubt,
Uncertain vice or virtue to pursue,
Reads in the book which drivellers despise,
That "immortality is brought to light;"
When passion from her seat of pow'r is hurl'd,
And lustful appetence is banish'd far;
When the slav'd powers by sin's despotic sway,
Spread their unfetter'd wings, by mighty grace
Releas'd and yet subdued, the soul methought,
Enjoys a calm like this. And when we've pass'd
The threshold of existence, and the toils
Of life, the storms of fate, the illusive
Joys of earth, forever cease to plague us;
The shafts of fell detraction, which assail
The good man's name, have spent their utmost force;
When the cold floods of death are stemm'd, and purer
Spirits greet us with a smile of Heaven;
Where mutual love, and amity, and sweet
Commingling of congenial hearts, and praise
Sublime to the High One, all praise above,
Fill up th' eternal day; Oh! then indeed
The soul enjoys a rapt'rous calm, a calm
Unfelt on this side Heaven.

GEORGIUS.

Theocrates began his admirable work on the Characters of Men, at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labors by his death.

MAN being made a reasonable and so a thinking creature, there is nothing more worthy of his being, than the right direction and employment of his thoughts, since upon this depends both his usefulness to the public and his own present and future benefit in all respects.

True religion and virtue give a cheerful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures and even procure the truest.—Addison.

HARMONIC SOCIETY

Of Philadelphia, will hold a Stated Meeting at their Hall on Monday Evening next, the 3d of December at 7 o'clock.

T. K. GREENBANK, Sec'y.

We know not where the following squib came from, farther than it met our eye in a country newspaper. It is a waggish piece of verse, with a good deal of innocent archness and roguery about it—such as is pleasant without being offensive.

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIRS, AT THAT.

But three months yet I've been a wife,
And spouse already shows his airs;
I wish I'd liv'd a single life,
But as I did not—why, who cares?
Besides, let husband use his tongue,
And scold, and bounce, and cock his hat;
He'll quickly find I'm not so young,
But I can beat him, sirs, at that.

I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or, where I will, and won't be checked;
But keep it up both nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect.
And if he romps with — I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
And faith may find, and shall so too,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And let me sometimes have my will,
(Young wives you know, most surely should)
I'll duly every right fulfil;
And never O! no never rove,
But stay with him at home and chat,
And prove, by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Poins, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

THE ENCHANTED GUN.—It happened some sixty or seventy years since, in the land of pumpkins, that an honest old simpleton, who had been “to training,” had made money enough by throwing stones at a “training cake” to get very comfortably fuddled, even without any draft upon his purse of three “four pence ha’ penny pieces,” laid by for that purpose several months before. Some wags who had kept soberer upon the occasion than our hero, not having so good luck at ginger-bread gambling, loaded his gun to the very muzzle, with alternative charges of excellent “double battled,” and touchwood; and starting him homeward, took care to put a red hot nail upon the topmost piece of touchwood. Uncle Ichabod, honest old soul, shouldered his firelock and took up his “line of march” for home. He had not gone far, however, before pop goes the first charge from his gun!—rather singular, thought uncle Ichabod, but a mere accident, doubtless; a charge being left there carelessly. A few rods further, bang! goes the second charge.—“*Lord a marcey!*” says Ichabod, “this is tarnation strange, I swaggers, but I guess it didn’t all go off the first time, or else it wouldn’t go off again, would it tho’!” He had hardly finished this dialogue with himself, before off goes his repeater again.—“My gracious!” exclaimed our terrified militia man, “the old boy is in the gun. I never heard of such a thing in my born days.”—an exclamation, which he had hardly concluded, before his everlasting musket struck four! and Ichabod, having no longer any fellowship, in truth, for a weapon possessing such fearful continuity of explosion, very prudently threw it over the fence, and made rapid strides for the house of the clergyman; having now no doubt, that he or his gun was bewitched. The clergyman himself was not without his doubts on the subject, after Ichabod had testified to the whole story, the truth of which was corroborated by several distinct discharges from the gun in the place where he had thrown it, which was within plain hearing of the parties. However, while the matter remained *sub judice* the mischievous caitiffs, who had caused all the alarm, arrived with the offending musket, which made its last discharge in the clergyman’s

presence, and refused further services till reloaded. It was never fairly settled, however, between him and Ichabod, whether or not it was a case of real witchcraft—a matter which we are first to put fairly at rest, by detailing these particulars.

AN ODE.

Here, haply, thou mayst spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

The greatest actions when they are not animated by Religion, have no other principle than pride; and consequently they are poisoned by the root which produces them.—*Marquis of Halifax.*

VIRTUE.

Virtue alone can give true joy,
The sweets of virtue never cloy;
To take delight in doing good,
In justice, truth, and gratitude,
In aiding those whom cares oppress,
Administering comfort to distress;
These, these are joys which all who prove
Anticipate the bliss above;
These are the joys, and these alone,
We never repent nor wish undone.—*Dodsley.*

WORSHIP.—I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and a reasonable humiliation of the soul, before him who made it.—*Addison.*

INTEGRITY.—Integrity is a great and commendable virtue—a man of integrity is a true man, a bold man, and a steady man. He is to be trusted and relied upon. No bribes can corrupt him, no fear daunt him. His word is slow in coming, but sure. He shines brightest in the fire, and his friend hears of him most when he most needs him. His courage grows with danger, and conquers opposition by constancy. As he cannot be flattered or frightened into that he dislikes, so he hates flattery and temporizing in others. He runs with truth and not with the times—with right and not with might—his rule is straight, soon seen, but too seldom followed.—*Penn.*

COMET.

As the red Comet from Saturnus sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent,
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main,)
With sweeping glories gildes along in air,
And shakes its sparkles from its blazing hair.
Pope's Homer's Iliad.

SCHOLAR.—The life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.—*Rasselas.*

THOUGHTS.—He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.—*Tatler.*

WILSON'S PANACEA.

The subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public, that his having for the last five years been constantly in the employ of Mr. Swain, assisting in preparing and making his justly celebrated Panacea, he has recommended the business for himself, and he vends the same kind of medicine under the name of WILSON'S PA-

NACEA, and he pledges himself, that the Panacea made by him possesses all the restorative powers of that sold by Mr. S. it being composed of precisely the same ingredients, either a comparison or trial will establish the fact. As the subscriber offers his PANACEA much lower than the usual price of Swain's, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

This medicine has the decided preference over all other medicines for the cure of Serofula, King's Evil, Rheumatism, Syphilis and Mercurial diseases; ulcerous sores, general debility, and all diseases arising from impure blood. It has proved beneficial in Nervous and Dyspeptic complaints generally. White Swelling, diseases of the Liver, Skin, &c. Those whose constitutions are broken down by mercurial diseases, should submit to a course of Wilson's Panacea. It is a safe, though powerful substitute for mercury, and removes those evils which an unsuccessful use of that mineral often occasions. It will be found of great service as a spring and fall medicine, by those whose constitutions require nourishment and new vigour.

Price 2 dollars per Bottle, or 20 dollars per doz.

Agents for the Panacea.—Frederick Klett, Druggist, N. E. corner of Callohill and 2d streets; Henry K. Harrison, Druggist, S. W. corner of Twelfth and Locust streets; John G. Brown, Druggist, corner of Third and Vine streets; Mr. Lamorella, S. E. corner of Dock and Second streets; Philadelphia.—and John M. Wilson, No. 1, Old Slip, New York; W. D. Lehman, Raileigh, N. C. John B. Spence, Centreville, Eastern Shore, Maryland. Dr. Howell Davies, Lynchburgh, Va. Henry Lazarus, Mobile.

Communications, post paid, and orders for the medicine from any part of the world, will receive immediate attention.

WILSON'S WORM MEDICINE.

Wilson's Worm Medicine, for the cure of Dysentery, Summer Complaints, Cholera Morbus, Sickness at the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Worms, &c. for sale by the subscriber.

THOMAS WILSON,

No. 66, Dock Street, 3 doors below Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 17.—15.

INSURANCE ON LIVES.—The Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities and Endowments, continue to make all kinds of contracts in which the contingencies of life are involved.

One of the principal objects of this Company is, to afford to the public the means of guarding against the calamities and misfortunes which so often occur by the death of persons on whom others are dependent for support;—this may be accomplished by effecting insurances on lives.

INSURANCES.—Persons who possess but limited incomes, sufficient to support themselves and families during their lives, but have not the prospect of saving a sum adequate to the future support of their families in case of their death, by paying a small sum annually to this company, may insure, for the benefit of their families, a sum sufficient for their comfortable support. Merchants, mechanics, clerks, officers of the army and navy, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, masters of vessels, and all others whose families might be in danger of being reduced to poverty and distress, by the death of those on whose daily exertions they are dependent, may avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by this company to provide against such calamities, by insuring their lives.

Persons who possess incomes from life estates, may insure the lives of those on whom such incomes are dependent.—Or, a creditor may insure the life of a debtor, should he be in danger of sustaining a loss by his death.

INSURANCES may be effected for a limited period, as for a journey or voyage, for one, two, three, or seven years, or for the whole duration of life.

ANNUITIES.—Persons advanced in life, who possess a sum of money, the interest of which is not sufficient for their support, by depositing it with the company may receive an Annuity much greater than could be received from the interest of the same sum; or should it be preferred to defer the Annuity for a few years, a still larger amount might be received during the remainder of their lives.

ENDOWMENTS.—Parents may secure to their children a gross sum, or endowment, payable at the age of 21 years, sufficient for small stocks to commence business for their sons, or respectable marriage portions for their daughters, by depositing a small sum, at their birth, with this company; written applications should mention the age, state of health, and residence of the parties on whose lives the contracts are to depend, and are to be directed (post paid) to either of the un-signed.

THOMAS ASTLEY, President.

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